PERSISTENCE OF ANSON

SECRET OF THE MANAGER'S SUCCESS

A Disappointing Experiment—O. P. Caylor Says the Double Championship Scheme Is a Failure—Success of Others.

THE disappointed
Anson yells
About his hard
luck. See?
And then he tunes
his harp and
dwells
On plans for nine-
ty-three.

His hopes were
crushed at one
fell blow,
His summer pride
may all be dead,
But if you give him any show
He'll talk of prospects years ahead.

What poet (not myself of course) was it who said that man "never is but always to be blest?" I think that sweet singer had Anson in his mind when he wrote such sentiment. The Chicago baseball chief has been in active service on the diamond for eighteen years, but has never been whipped to a finish. If he doesn't win a season's championship he goes right to work, with the persistence and confidence of a bluebottle fly in midsummer, and insists that he has a "cinch" on the pennant for the following year.

That has been Anson's habit for years. When he wins, and he has led the League procession six years out of the seventeen which have passed since the League was formed, he never boasts, but when he fails he loses no time in explaining how and why he failed, but goes to work on his plans for the next campaign.

This has been a year of bitter disappointment to Anson. It began when he failed to get Duffy and Farrell returned to his team in the consolidation assignments. It continued when his batteries went all to pieces in midseason by reason of sickness. It was aggravated by the unfeeling and unmerited abuse heaped upon him right along by the Chicago patrons and newspapers.

The fact that in discussing plans for next year Anson does not mention Chicago with emphasis leads many to believe that he has hopes of changing his base of operations for 1893. Indeed he has expressed a desire to leave Chicago. It will not therefore come in the way of a total surprise should arrangements be made before next spring for the great captain to take charge of the New Yorks. That team needs a first baseman pretty nearly as much as it needs a competent captain. Baseball interest everywhere demands that the game in New York be revived at once. Anson's transplantation from Chicago to the metropolis would be the surest mode of securing such a result, for he is immensely popular with New York patrons of the national game. His transfer would also have the effect of stimulating interest in other cities.

A few more games and the double season of 1892 will have passed into history. It has not been a success by any means. Why it has not I propose to show in a future letter. The remedies are of such plain character that they, too, can be easily pointed out.

Nothing has occurred during the last week to change the force of my prediction that the Clevelands cannot be headed in their dash for the prize. Only another "Garrison finish" by the Bostons can shut the Ohio club out of a championship, and with the Philadelphia, Brooklyn and New York teams to meet yet I do not believe the Boston team can repeat last fall's great spurt.

The recent eastern trip of the St. Louis team was the most disastrous on record. They played twelve games and lost all but one. I have no recollection of any club ever making such an unsuccessful trip. The team under President Von der Ahe's management was very much demoralized while it was on the eastern circuit. The St. Louis chief may have excellent business qualifications adapted to the national game, but he is clearly out of his sphere when he undertakes the management of a team of players. Comiskey's great worth is clearly shown by contrast.

A remarkable phase of this season in baseball was the early and disastrous failure of the Western league, while other organizations comprising smaller cities in their circuits went through to the very end of their schedules. The Southern league, the Eastern league, the New England league and the Pacific Northwestern league are all finishers. The first three have recently wound up their individual campaigns and gone into winter quarters in good condition to resume business next spring. The New England league's success was the most surprising outcome of all. In midseason, when the Lowells dropped out, it seemed impossible to keep the organization afloat for a fortnight, but every other club kept up the fight and played over ninety games—the complement called for by the constitution. Much of the credit for this "nervy business" must be given to ex-Manager McGunnigle, of the Brooklyns, whose long head and valuable experience in major company made him a valuable leader for the New England league people.

The success of the Southern league must be gratifying to every lover of the game. The south is a good field for the sport if it is honestly and earnestly played. Several seasons in late years questionable methods practiced by magnates and players of Southern league clubs almost destroyed confidence and interest in the game through that section. The high plane on which the league this year did business and the undoubted interest manifested by the people in every city assure a revival of baseball in the southern states, which can be made permanent by a continuation of this year's policy.

Somewhere out west they have nominated Billy Sunday, the ex-baseball player, for congress. Billy left the profession some time ago to accept the secretaryship of a Young Men's Christian association, which would give him a chance occasionally to preach. This latest evidence of his fall from grace will pain his friends. Once a man has been a professional baseball player nothing short of a congressman's salary and duties seem to satisfy him.

Cleveland should put up a monument to Captain Tebeau. When he was injured weeks ago Davis was called in from the outfield to play in his place at third base. Davis did so well and the team kept winning so steadily with the nine thus arranged that when Tebeau entirely recovered he put all his personal ambition behind the club's interests and refused to go back to his place at the risk of turning the tide of victory. O rare Pat Tebeau!

O. P. CAYLOR.

It Was Business.

About 10 o'clock in the morning two colored women rode into the town on a mule to do some trading at a store, and it wasn't over half an hour later that I ran across the younger one on the platform of a cotton warehouse, walking hand in hand with a colored man. He let go of her, and followed me down the platform to say:

"Seed yo' grinnin, boss, an I thought I'd 'splain dat it was a case of luv at fust sight. I war jist took wid dat gal de fust minit I got eyes on her, an I reckon she'll dun promise to marry me befo' noon."

Soon after 12 o'clock I went down to the depot to see about a train, and found the man sitting on a salt barrel with the other woman, while the first was standing beside the mule under a tree across the street. The pair on the barrel were billing and cooing, but as I entered the depot the man followed along to say;

"Reckon yo' am sorter surprised ober de change, eh?"

"Rather. You were courting the daughter two hours ago."

"Dat's a fact."

"And you said it was a case of love at first sight."

"Exactly."

"Well, why did you drop her for the other?"

"Dey am mudder an darter, sah."

"Well?"

"Wall, I dun found out dat de mudder owns de mewl, sah."

RETURN OF MEMORY.

He Recollected the Man Who Once Saved His Life.

He came down the street lugging a tremendous big watermelon on his stomach, but when he reached the freight shed he turned aside and sat down in the shade. About the time he had cut the melon in two with his big hornhandled jackknife a man who had observed him as he turned into the alley came lounging along and ran across him as if by accident.

"Hello! Uncle Jim, am dat yo'?" he saluted as he came to a halt.

"My name, sah," slowly replied the old man as he dug out a hunk of the core weighing about a pound, "my name am James Erastus Johnson. I doan' 'low no pusson what I nebber seed afo' to call me Uncle Jim."

"Hu! I'ze knowed yo' fur ten y'ars!"

"Has yo'? Did yo' cum to town dis mawnin to buy co'nmeal?"

"POWERFUL CUR'US DAT I DIDN'T DUN KNOW YO' BEFO'."

"No, sah. I libs right yere all de time. Yo' gwine to eat all dat millyon yo'self, eh?"

"Libs right yere, does yo'?" repeated Uncle Jim. "I fought I knowed all de niggers 'bout yere, but I can't place yo'."

"Hu! Who libs in dat yaller cabin on de co'ner above yo'r house?"

"Can't dun place yo', sah," replied the old man as he ate with both hands.

"Who works fur Misser Sutton in de cotton compress? Who occupies de pew right across from yo' in de Baptist meetin house? Mighty funny dat yo' can't place me!"

"Yo' see, stranger," said the old man as he began on the other half, "I dun fall down sta'rs two y'ars ago, an it bumped some of de reekoleckshun outer me. I'ze tryin hard to place yo'. Yo' has a pew in my church, has yo'?"

"Of co'se I has."

"An yo' works in de compress?"

"Yes."

"Hu! Dat's powerful quare! Did I ebber spoke to yo' dat yo' knows of?"

"A thousand times, sah. It wasn't an hour ago dat yo' said 'Hello, Sam!'"

"Did, eh? How cur'us! Sam! Sam! Was it Sam Parker?"

"Of co'se."

"Man wid a tall wife dat got a piece o' glass in her heel last fall?"

"Of co'se."

"Hu! Why yo' must be de man who helped me dig dat well for Misser Rober?"

"Sartin."

"An when dat well caved in yo' dun saved my life!"

"Fur shore."

"Oh! I see! Powerful cur'us dat I didn't dun know yo' befo'. Wall, Sam, bein as I has reekolected yo', an bein as yo' saved my life, sot right down yere an help yo'self. I'ze eaten the core all out, but I'ze left de nicest pile o' rinds an seeds I eber did see in dis community, an while yo' is eatin I'll stand at de co'ner an tell eberybody dat yo' has dun gone out in de kentry today arter huckleberries!"

Went Over to the Opposition.

"Sister Thompson," as the preacher named her, had been praying for about two minutes, when an old man began to shout and clap his hands and raise a great disturbance. One of the deacons went over to him and cautioned him to keep quiet, and he restrained himself for the next three or four minutes. Then "Brother Jones" was called upon, and he had scarcely begun when the old man rose up and shouted:

"Bress de Lawd! but I can't hole myself back when I heah Brudder Jones axin to be forgiven fur his sinful ways!"

He was cautioned again and sat down and restrained himself to an occasional "Amen!" but when "Sister Brown" began to plead that all sinful white folks might turn from the error of their ways, the old man broke loose and boiled over. One of the deacons took him by the arm and led him out doors and down the street a piece, and was about to leave him when Uncle Reuben asked:

"Boy, what yo' dun fussin wid me fur?"

"Too much noise, uncle," was the reply.

"Doan' I belong to dat church?"

"Yo' does."

"Is it agin de rules of de church to git excited an shout fur de blessed cause of religun?"

"No, sah."

"Does yo' find it anywhar' in de Bible dat I can't shout fur de salvashun o' sinners?"

"No, sah."

"Den what yo' dun pull me out yere fur?"

"Kase we's got to draw de line, Uncle Reuben?"

"What line?"

"De line on pew rent. Yo' is owin dis church 'bout $3,000 pew rent, Uncle Reuben, an de disconsistency o' yo'r standin up an shoutin looks so previous dat de deacons hes coincided to disconnect yo' an run de risk o' all de white folks bein burned up wid fiah an brimstun'!"

He turned on his heel and entered the meeting house, and after gazing at the building for two or three minutes in silence the old man slowly observed:

"Dat eands me up wid de Methodist religun, an drives me plumb into de arms o' de Baptist forevahmo'!"

It is unnecessary to say that brushing the teeth is an excellent mode of rendering the mouth antiseptic, and that as decaying teeth furnish excellent lurking places for germs they should be promptly attended to.

A rather thin piece of unbleached cotton flannel makes the best of dishwipers. Its first wetting should be a thorough one in boiling water, and all linty qualities will be "laid."

Any delicate colors may be "set" by soaking the article to be washed in a basin of tepid water in which a teaspoonful of turpentine has been stirred.

A stationary washbowl in a bedroom should be filled during the night or covered with a damp towel to prevent the escape of poisonous gases.

RUNNING THE CANVASS.

SCENES AT THE HEADQUARTERS.

How the Campaign Committees Organize and Conduct the Struggle for the Presidency.

NEW YORK, Sept. 27.—I have always had a great deal of curiosity as to just how a national political campaign is managed. It has been a mysterious sort of process to me, as I dare say it has been to my readers. What can there be for all those committeemen and managers and clerks and fussy persons to do? What use have they for so much money? These are queries which I have never before been able to answer. Now I know something about it, and what little I do know, I am, as usual, going to try my best to tell.

In the first place, in order to manage a national campaign you must have a national committee. This is chosen, one from each state, at the national convention. The national committee elects its own chairman and other officers, the chairman usually being a man chosen by the candidate for president.

The national committee also elects a campaign committee, and this smaller committee undertakes the management of the campaign. It must have a house to do business in. This house must be in New York, for it is a tradition that New York is the center of politics, no matter what else it may not be a center of. There is also a tradition that the house must be near the Fifth Avenue hotel, for that tavern is the heart of all politics in New York. Side by side are the Fifth Avenue and the Hoffman House, and it is to the former that all the prominent Republicans of the country go while in New York, while to the latter all the Democrats wend their way.

Step into either of these inns tonight, and odds are you will run against half a dozen United States senators, a score or two of congressmen, half as many governors, and no end of chaps who have been something or other of importance and who are never able to forget the fact. In truth, the have beens outnumber the ares two to one. Of course it is desirable to have the national headquarters as near as possible to this great center of politics. In this respect the Democrats were this year more fortunate than the Republicans. They found a house, an old mansion which was an aristocratic home in its day, but two blocks from the Fifth Avenue hotel, and on the thoroughfare of that name, while the Republicans, after two weeks of hunting, could find nothing suitable nearer than Forty-third street, a full mile away.

As soon as they have rented their headquarters the campaign committees proceed to furnish them. They must have thirty or forty desks, half as many typewriters, some big tables and a great lot of chairs. They must also rig up a wire contrivance at the entrance to keep visitors from wandering up stairs until they are wanted. Some visitors, you may imagine, are never wanted in the upper regions, and never get there. At the door to this wicker partition between the public room and the private offices they station a discreet and tactful man, who knows how to open the gate with a graceful salaam when a dignitary presents himself, and who knows also how to close the gate very quickly, but ever so politely, when a common striker shows his face.

Before it can get down to work the committee must hire a lot of men. It must have a sergeant-at-arms, a janitor, stenographers, typewriters, clerks, newspaper writers, traveling agents, editors of documents and a great many other persons. Including the men who are employed to send out documents, I suppose each of the national committees must have, at work about 250 men, and their salaries and expenses won't amount to less than $10,000 a week.

Some of these salaried persons have what are known as soft snaps. They are employed on the recommendation of their friends who, as members of the campaign committee, have "a pull," and I am sorry to say they are not always eager or competent to earn their salaries. The result appears to be that about five men are employed to do what two men might perform, and that in fact two do perform the work while the others successfully and industriously sit around.

The first and it is generally believed the most important feature of a campaign committee's work is its literary department. At any rate, it is the first department organized, and the one which costs the most money. I was surprised to learn how extensive these literary bureaus are, with what skill and energy they are managed, and how much money they contrive to spend in a few short months. Samuel J. Tilden was the inventor of the literary bureau in politics. Of course campaign committees had always made some use of the printing press and newspaper, but it remained for Mr. Tilden to organize this feature of the business into a great and perfect machine. Ever since Tilden's day we have had "campaigns of education," and if the people haven't been fully educated in political economy and in the sins of the other fellow it is not the fault of the managers of the literary departments. The literary end of these political shops has been growing all the time, until now it is by far the biggest thing under the canvas.

As soon as the campaign committee has had five or six meetings and decided on the lines that are to be followed, on the "issues" which are to be presented and discussed as official and presumably important, a corps of writers is employed to prepare documents thereon. One man takes this topic and another that, and there are subdivisions and abridgements and minor subjects by the score. At one time the Democratic committee had about twenty men at work writing documents, some of them able men. Volunteer forces are not depended upon for this work. Many members of congress or other public men are willing to write, but experience has taught the campaign managing editor that if he wants an assignment worked out promptly he must give it to a writer who is working for bread and butter.

Pretty soon the manuscripts begin pouring in, and then they must be carefully read and revised, with alert eyes watching them for "breaks" or blunders which the equally alert enemy might seize upon. Finally the printer is called in. To be accurate three or four printers are called in, for there isn't a printing office in New York that would care to undertake to turn out all the work of one of these committees in the time allowed for it. Hundreds of compositors are set to work, and for a couple of weeks not much is done in the literary bureau but to read proofs. These are read and reread and taken home o' nights by able statesmen, whose judgment is supposed to be infallible, but isn't by a long way, and after a time the printing presses are started. Tons and tons of paper are consumed, and speeches and pamphlets by the million are turned out and deposited in the storeroom ready for mailing or shipment. To give you an idea of the magnitude of these printing operations I will mention that the Republican committee will pay one printer something like $80,000 for work for this campaign, $30,000 of this going for a million copies of one document. The Democrats will spend fully as much.

Each of the committees has about 100 men at work mailing and shipping documents. Perhaps one-half of the total output goes by mail, the remainder to the clubs and to state and local committees. State committees, you know, don't as a rule print documents unless it is something of a local nature. They depend for their literature upon the national organization.

The more important of these documents are translated into ten or twelve languages. This is a polyglot country, and the campaign of education must be polyglot. The bill for translations alone will run up into the thousands of dollars—twice as much as it would be if there was more confidence in human nature. Every translation is practically made twice. One man makes the draft, and before it is sent to the printer another revises it. You see, the committee doesn't intend to be imposed upon by the first translator.

Suppose that worthy were mean enough to sell out to the rival committee and to "doctor" the document—that is, to put something in it which would anger the Germans if it were a German document, or the Swedes were it Scandinavian. He could do it with a few strokes of his pen, and his employers wouldn't know the difference. The consequences would be appalling.

A series of pictures shows how the tariff robs everybody in America, and another series shows how it has made everybody rich or prosperous. He might not know any more about the tariff question than when he started, but he would be sure to know a heap more about art.

I should have mentioned that early in the campaign the literary bureau has a very delicate and important job to turn out. This is the "campaign book." A campaign book is a sort of ritual of the principles of the party and elaboration of the platform adopted at the national convention, fortified with facts and figures galore. Its chief use is as inspiration for the orators who later in the year are to thrill audiences from one end of the country to the other, and the purpose of the campaign book is to secure harmony of utterance. It doesn't always succeed, which is a pity, for the editors of the campaign book do work so hard, spending anxious days and nights trying to ascertain what their party does stand for anyway, and what will be orthodox and what won't. The ingenuity which they display in handling certain questions in such way as to give satisfaction in all parts of the country, though the party in one section is affirmative on those questions and in another negative, deserves greater appreciation than is bestowed by the ungrateful spellbinders. From what I am saying I don't want you to conclude that I think all politics is humbug, for I don't think that. But I am willing to go on oath and affirm that a good deal of it is.

Managers of campaign literary bureaus have learned what some other managing editors have not yet learned—that the picture is a great educator. For the first time illustrations are playing an important part in campaign work. Each of the literary shops has in its employ three or four cartoonists, illustrating pamphlets and documents with the pictures which are supposed to "speak louder than words." If you will send to either of the committees they will furnish you with a pictorial history of the tariff issue, and if I were going to make a study of as dry a subject as the tariff I am sure I should want to do it pictorially. After one had gone through it, it is a good deal like running a big newspaper. Handling the spellbinders resembles the theatrical business. First the attractions—the orators—must be engaged. Then they must be coached in their parts by means of the campaign books. Finally their dates have to be arranged, transportation provided, entertainment looked to. With hundreds of speakers on the road, countless details to watch, no end of cranky persons to smooth down and an awful lot of bills to pay, the lot of the chairman of the committee on speakers is not a happy one. It wouldn't be so troublesome if the attractions would remain assigned, but they won't.

Campaign orators change their minds, fall ill, get drunk, have rows with other people, or find some other cause or pretext for changing programme. And then the poor impresario of spellbinders must go to work and rearrange his scheme, telegraph to men who can't be reached and endeavor to appease local committees who never heard the definition of the word. Campaign speeches cost the committees pretty large sums. Many of the orators, particularly those who enjoy or have enjoyed or hope to enjoy public office—and precious few of them fail to come under one or other of these categories—speak without pay, excepting of course their expenses. Others want fifty, seventy-five or a hundred dollars a speech—"merely to repay me for the loss of time from my business, you know." It is a serious question with experienced campaign managers in which department of their business they waste the more money—in education by means of the printing press or in rousing enthusiasm with eloquence.

The men who are charged with the duty of raising money with which to pay all these bills are the ones to be pitied after all. It is surprising that the managers are able to find enough funds to keep going with. Yet they do. Where it all comes from is more than I know, but I am told that in both committees about one-half of all that is spent comes from a dozen or fifteen rich men. I have heard of five men—three in one party and two in another—who have given nearly $50,000 apiece. A number of others have given from $20,000 to $30,000 each. The masses don't contribute to campaign funds, but go along about their business enjoying all the fun that the committees are able to provide for them.

Do campaign committees spend all their money in headquarters expense, postage stamps, printing and orators? I am sorry to say that they do not. On either side they are at this very moment straining every nerve to get together an emergency fund. You know what that means as well as I do. It means bribes of certain corrupt leaders of gangs and factions, chiefly in cities. It means outright purchase of "floaters" in states where it is fashionable to sell votes. The national committees don't buy votes—of course not. You would insult them by mentioning such a thing. But at the same time when they send money to the local committee in a close state they know very well that what isn't stolen in the processes of distribution finds its way sooner or later to the greasy and itching palms of American sovereigns.

It's a shame, but I am afraid that we shall have to change human nature before we can reform politics.

ROBERT GRAVES.

Why should not women succeed in newspaper work?

Frankly, I cannot think of any valid reason. To be sure various excuses are given—vacillation of purpose, inability to concentrate effort, weak physique, lack of experience, insufficient knowledge of the world and its affairs, and so on through a long and tiresome list of excuses, all frivolous, none of them worthy to be called an objection or even seriously considered. Such excuses are usually made by men who are judging women by a past standard, men who forget that in this golden hour of triumph for woman she has been educated to do any and all kinds of work where brains and ability are required—an hour when woman considers her physical condition to be as important as that she shall be well gowned; when lack of purpose has been pushed aside forever, and plodding perseverence has brought its own reward.

Excuses such as these may be made by men who have studiously avoided giving woman an opportunity in a profession that is eminently fitted for her, and with some people they may be allowed to settle the question; but it is only the few, and even they must soon give way to the new order of things.—Foster Coates in Ladies' Home Journal.

DOINGS OF ATHLETES.

THE PRESENT INTEREST IN THEM.

A. B. George's Interesting Chat—He Reviews the Most Brilliant Athletic Performances During the Season.

THE question has been much discussed lately as to whether interest in amateur athletics is dying out. Undoubtedly the months of June, July and August were very dull from an athletic standpoint, but that fact can be accounted for by the exceptionally hot weather experienced during those months. The wonderful growth of cycling during the past year may also perhaps have detracted a little from track athletics.

The number of successful meetings held during September have, however, clearly demonstrated that outdoor sports and pastimes are in a healthy state.

The first handicap meet of the season was that promoted by the Passaic Athletic association, and held Sept. 3 at Clifton, N. J. Many fast performances were accomplished, the most meritorious being A. A. Zimmerman's 2m. 19s. for the mile bicycle handicap around a big field. The 440 yards run was won by H. Blank, of the M. A. C., from the 20 yards mark, in 48 3-5 seconds. The half mile run went to J. J. McDonough, Xavier Athletic association, 50 yards start, time 1m. 56s. S. V. Winslow, New York Athletic club, won the mile from the 60 yards mark in 4m. 28 3-5c.

Labor Day (Sept. 5) was a very busy one among the athletes. Two very successful sets of games were held in Philadelphia, promoted by the Caledonian Athletic association and the Bank Clerks' Athletic association. At the latter meeting W. C. Downs won the 440 yards scratch race in 50 4-5 seconds. T. B. Turner, Manhattan Athletic club, won the 880 yards run in 2m. 2 3-5s., and J. S. Mitchell, New York Athletic club, threw the 16-pound hammer 134 feet.

New York and vicinity were the scenes of no less than three big meetings on Labor Day. The Staten Island Athletic club held a very successful carnival of sport, embracing cycling, rowing, tennis, athletic games, pony racing, etc. The games of the Columbia Athletic association, held on Manhattan field, were attended by fully 5,000 spectators. The best performance of the day was accomplished by W. H. Meek, an old time walker, who has made his reappearance on the path this season after an absence of some five years. Meek won the two mile handicap from scratch in the excellent time of 14m. 13 4-5s. A. J. Walsh, of the Xavier Athletic association, accounted for the mile handicap in 4m. 26s. As he was only receiving fifteen yards start his performance was equal to 4m. 28s. from scratch, which is the best mile run this year.

The New Jersey Athletic club games at Bergen Point were attended by a crowd estimated at between 6,000 and 7,000 people. Undoubtedly the drawing card was the much talked of three mile match be-

A. J. WALSH.

tween T. P. Conneff, of the M. A. C., and W. D. Day, New Jersey Athletic club. The race proved very uninteresting. Day showed very bad judgment, starting much too fast, with the result that he was exhausted at 1¼ miles, and had to stop, which left Conneff to finish at his leisure. The time for the first mile was 4m. 43s., 10m. for two miles and 15m. 32s. for the full distance. The only previous meeting between the men took place in Montreal in 1890, when Conneff ran Day off his legs in the two mile Canadian championship, winning in 9m. 35s., which is the Canadian record. Day holds the American record for two and three miles—namely, 9m. 32s. and 14m. 39s. respectively.

On Sept. 10, at Manhattan field, the Metropolitan championships were decided. Though no new records were accomplished, many of the performances were of a very high class. Only three of last year's champions succeeded in retaining their titles, they being G. R. Gray, the Canadian, who won the 16-pound shot with 44 ft. 1 in.; J. S. Mitchell, the herculean Irishman, who won the 16-pound hammer and 56-pound weight throwing contests with the fine performances of 34 ft. 6 in. and 135 ft. 8½ in. respectively, and the other holder who proved successful was G. Casey, New Jersey Athletic club, who won the pole vault with 9 ft. 6 in.

The retirement of L. Carey, the Princeton crack, who won the 100 and 220 yards run last year, left these events very open. The winner turned up in E. W. Allen, of Yale, who won in the very moderate time of 10 2-5 seconds for the hundred and 23 seconds for the longer distance. M. Remington, who won the quarter mile last year, did not show up to defend his title, which enabled W. C. Downs, New York Athletic club, to stride home an easy winner in the fast time of 50 seconds. The mile race brought a new champion to the front in the person of A. J. Walsh, who out sprinted T. P. Conneff up the straight, and won a fine race in 4m. 32 2-5s. W. H. Meek won the one and three mile walks, his time for the mile being 6m. 39 1-5s. In the 120 yards race, over 3 ft. 6 in. hurdles, F. C. Puffer, of the Manhattan Athletic club, won in the very fast time of 16 seconds.

The high jump was won by M. Sweeney, who is comparatively a new man at the game. He cleared 6 ft. ½ in. easily at the first attempt, and should before long press Byrd Page's record of 6 ft. 4 in. very close. E. W. Goff proved successful in the running broad jump, clearing 21 ft. 9½ in. The five mile run was hotly contested by E. C. Carter and W. D. Day. The latter proved the winner after a fine contest for four miles. The time was 26m. 16s., which is a long way behind Carter's American record of 25m. 23s., made on a much inferior track.

On Sept. 17 the Manhattan Athletic club held their second carnival of sport, which was undoubtedly the finest affair of its kind ever promoted. From 10 in the morning until 10 at night the grounds were the scene of all kinds of athletic events, including pigeon shooting, rowing, swimming, steam yacht racing, tennis, lacrosse, baseball, football and athletic and bicycling contests, the day being wound up with a display of fireworks and a lantern parade of bicyclists, which was attended by fully 500 riders of the silent steed.

In the 220 yards race, over ten 2 ft. 6 in. hurdles, A. F. Copland, Manhattan Athletic club, established a record of 23 seconds. The 200 yards handicap run was won by J. J. Donahue, of Worcester, from the one yard mark in 20 1-5 seconds. E. W. Goff, Manhattan Athletic club, broke the American hop, step and jump record of 45 ft. 7½ in., creating a new one of 47 ft. 1 in., which is only fourteen inches worse than the world's record held by J. Purcell, of Ireland. Other fine performances were M. Sweeney's running high jump of 6 ft. 1 in., and J. S. Mitchell's throw of 137 ft. 8½ in. with the 16-pound hammer.

W. C. Downs finished second from scratch in the 500 yards run, less than four feet behind the winner, whose time was 58 1-5 seconds. Downs' performance was equal to 58 2-5 seconds. The American record is 58 seconds, and is held by L. E. Myers. The mile walk between W. H. Meek, scratch, and T. Sherman, five seconds' start, was the best contest of the day. Meek caught and passed Sherman at the half distance, but

GEORGE CASEY.

the latter would not be shaken off, and coming again in the straight won a fine race by about seven yards. Meek's actual time was 6m. 38 1-5s., and Sherman's, 6m. 41 2-5s.

The championships of the Atlantic association of the A. A. U. were held Sept. 17 at Philadelphia. In the pole vault for height W. S. Rodenbaugh, of the Athletic club of the Schuylkill navy, cleared the bar at 11 ft. 5⅝ in., breaking the American record of 11 ft. 5 in. held by H. Baxter, of the New York Athletic club. As Rodenbaugh has never before shown such form he must have improved wonderfully since last year, and has a great chance of breaking the English record of 11 ft. 9 in. held by Dickinson.

Scarcely a day passes without some new record being accomplished by the cyclists. The most wonderful performances of late are one-quarter mile with a flying start in 27 seconds by A. A. Zimmerman, one-half mile with flying start in 1m. 1-5s. by W. Windle, and one mile with flying start in 2m. 6 4-5s. by A. A. Zimmerman. From a standing start H. C. Tyler, of Springfield, rode a mile in 2m. 8 4-5s., which is quite equal to 2m. 5s. with a flying start.

News comes from Independence, Ia., that on Sept. 17 one J. S. Johnson rode one-quarter mile in 26 3-5 seconds and one-half in 55½ seconds. As Johnson is an unknown man it is reasonable to suppose that something was wrong with the distance of the track, or else the watches were held by inexperienced timers.

A. B. GEORGE.

SPORTING NOTES.

S. Perry Worden recently returned from a thirteen weeks' bicycle tour of the British isles, which cost him only ninety-five dollars. He traveled second class on steamships, stopped over night with private families and often cooked his own meals.

Pneumatic tires are not looked upon with favor in India. The hot climate melts the cement, and the rubber becomes rotten in six months or less. Cushions are the favorites. Cycling has only lately been taken up in India, but the sport is fast becoming popular.

Scroggan Bros. sold King Lee to Nick Finzer for $10,000. For other parties they now make his present owner a standing offer of $20,000 for the crack son of King Alfonso.

During the twenty-seven years that a cricket record of W. G. Grace's bowling has been kept, the champion's record has been 2,435 wickets at a cost of 39,824 runs, or an average of sixteen runs.

Frank Class wants to match Miss Jennie Smith against any woman in the world to shoot 100 bluerocks for $100 a side. In an open sweepstakes shoot at Morristown, N. J., she broke 22 bluerocks out of a possible 25.

Richard Mansfield's Bride.

Miss Beatrice Cameron, who was recently married to Mr. Richard Mansfield, was Miss Susie Hegeman in private life. Her father was a well known Troy druggist. In 1884 Miss Hegeman became interested in amateur theatricals, and two years later made her debut as a professional in Robert Mantell's company. Miss Cameron was married in 1884 to George R. Phoebus, a Troy lawyer and journalist, but they did not live happily together, and in 1891 the lady secured an absolute divorce.

BEATRICE CAMERON.

Her union to Mr. Mansfield has been expected since last fall, when the engagement was announced. Miss Cameron is a conscientious and painstaking actress of considerable ability in light roles. Many of the characters which she has essayed recently have been beyond her limitations.

Increase of Longevity.

It seems to be established that Thomas Parr, of Shropshire, England, lived to 185, but there is a dispute as to his reaching 152. The same is true of James Bowes, of Killingworth, who died in 1656. Since then parish records of births have been preserved, and the following cases are conclusively proved: Lady Eccleston died in 1691, aged 143; in 1736, Colonel Thomas Winslow, aged 146; in 1772, Mrs. Clum, of Lichfield, 138; in 1780, Robert MacBride, of Berris, aged 130, and in the same year a Mr. Evans, of Spitalfield, aged 139. Of persons older than 120 and younger than 130 there is a very long list. William Beeby, last survivor of the battles of the Boyne and Aghrim, died at Dungarvan in 1774 aged 130. It may be affirmed with confidence that the average life of man is now at least eighteen years more than it was in the Fourth century, A. D., and ten years more than in the Fourteenth century, and as the conditions of human life are now improving faster than ever before there is every reason to hope that our great grandchildren may live out their days and die without pain as easily and as gently as a healthy child sinks to sleep.

They Have Long Hair.

A lady writing from St. Louis says that her hair is fifty-four inches in length, and there is another lady in Chicago who can easily stand on her hair, which is 5 feet 9 inches long.

Miss Helen Ottolengui will hereafter play the part of Elinore in "The Still Alarm." This role has been enacted in the past by Julia Arthur and Virginia Harned.